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Well, the lamp was gone—for ever !
But—now listen, dearest lady !
In the corner, where aforetime
Stood the lamp so old and dingy,

I beheld a lamp, a new one,
Broad and high, of precious metal,
Little figures fine were graven
On the sides and round the border ;

On the top there shone and sparkled
Here, and there again, a brilliant,
Brightly as the stars at midnight
Sparkle in the deep blue heaven.

Now, what say you, madam, tell me,
To such dear and kindly robber ?
Once again, I pray, with patience
Take our Bible, turn the pages,

Read a little, and consider,
Honoured lady mine, of Adam
And of Eve the ancient story. . .
Madam, do you call it stealing ?

SPRING SONGS.

THE wild-dove is cooing,
She calls from the tree :
Come, children, the breezes
Are lightsome and free !

The long threads of sunlight
From heaven now issue,
As some one sat weaving
A shimmering tissue :

The hive-bees are humming,
 They take as they pass
 The sweet of the roses,
 The dew off the grass :

The garden is blooming,
 The hill and the hollow,
 The spring-time is here,
 And the summer will follow !

Come, children, the breezes
 Are lightsome and free !
 The wild-dove is cooing,
 She calls from the tree.

The dovelet is cooing,
 She calls from the bough :
 Come, children, the breezes
 Are sweet to the brow :

The leaves are a-flutter
 On hill and in hollow,
 The spring-time is here, and
 The summer to follow !

The wild birds are singing
 In garden and dale,
 And sweet is their music
 In valley and vale :

The fishes are swimming,
 Where ripples are glancing,
 And gliding and sliding
 And leaping and dancing :

The flowers, the flowers
 Are blossoming now !
 The wild-dove is cooing,
 She calls from the bough.